The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

INto ſome Country Village
Now I muſt goe,
Where neither Tith nor Tillage,
The greedy Patron
And parched Patron,
Sweare to the Church they owe:
Yet if I can preach
and pray two on a ſudden,
And confute the Pope
at adventure without ſtuddying,
Then ten pounds a yeare
beſides a ſunday pudding.
Alas poore Scholler whither wilt thou goe?

All the Arts I haue Skill in,
Diuine and Humane,
Yet all's not worth a ſhilling,
When the women heare me,
They doe but ieare me,
And ſay I am prophane:
Once I remember,
I Preached with a Weaver,
I quoated Auſtine,
He quoated Dodd and Cliver,
I nothing got,
he got a Cloke and Beuer.
Alas poore Scholler whither wilt thou goe?

Shipps, Shipps, Shipps I diſcouer,
Croſſing the Maine,
Shall I in and goe over
Turne Iew or Atheiſt,
Turke or Papiſt,
To Geneva or Amſterdam:
Biſhoppricks are voyde
in Scotland, ſhall I thither,
Or follow Windebanke
and Finch to ſee if either
Doe want a Preiſt to ſhriue them,
No tis bluſtring weather.
Alas poore Scholler whither wilt thou goe?

Ho, ho, ho, I haue hit it,
Peace goodman fole,
Thou haſt a trade will fit it,
Draw thy Indenture,
Be bound at adventure,
An Apprentice to a Free-ſchoole;
There thou may'ſt command
By William Lillies Charter,
There thou mayſt whipp, ſtrippe
and hang and draw and quarter,
And commit to the red Rod,
both Will. and Tom. and Arthur.
I, I, 'tis thither, thicher will I goe.

FINIS.

Printed in the yeare 1640

This ballad was written by Wild and inserted among his Poems 1671.

Alas poore Scholler, whither wilt thou goe:

OR

Strange altrations which at this time be; There's many did thinke they never should see.

To the tune of, *Halloo my Fancy, &c.*

I A melancholly studdy
None but my selfe,
We thought my muse grew muddy,
After seaven yeares reading
And costly breeding,
I felt, but could finde no pelfe:
Into learned raggs
I've rent my Plush and Sattin,
And now am fit to begg
in Hebrew, Grecke and Lattin,
Instead of Aristotle,
would I had got a Patten:
Alasse poore Scholler whither wilt thou go?

I have bow'd, I have bended,
And all in hope,
One day to be befrended,
I have Preach'd, I have Printed
What ere I hinted,
To please our English Pope;
I worshipt towards the East,
but the Sunne doth now forsake me,
I finde that I am falling,
the Northerne winds doe shake me,
Would I had beene upright,
for bowing now will breake me:
Alas poore Scholler, whither wilt thou goe?

Cambridge now I must leave thee
And follow Fate,
Colledge hopes doe deceive me,
I oft expected
To have beene elected,
But desert is reprobate:
Masters of Colledges
have no common graces,
And they that have Fellowships
have but common places,
And those that Schollers are,
they must have handsome faces:
Alas poore Scholler whither wilt thou goe?

At great preferment I aymed
Witnesse my silke,
But now my hopes are maimed,
I loked lately,
To live most stately,
And have a Dairy of Bell-ropes milke:
But now alasse,
my selfe I must not flatter,
Bygamy of Steeples
is a laughing matter,
Each man must have but one,
and Curates will grow fatter.
Alas poore Scholler, whither wilt thou goe?

4. Scholar.

6. 28. 45.

1264.

+ Written by W. Sheeland - whose poems were printed 1650.